

and California Poppies
bursting inside of it by an old abandoned
railroad tie.
And I think: christ woman! where have your
senses gone?
The price isn't high for someone with plenty
of money to spend.
To me, I might as well buy a Picasso
or a Vincent Price special at Sears.
But my god, it does speak out to me.
I keep returning to view it, studying
like an art student for the professor's test.
I call the artist, already feeling
important with something I can't handle.
I know from the first hesitant
reaction the price will go down.
The vendors in Mexico have been more
reluctant. The open flea markets
have shown more terror. I am a fat,
golden winner.
Sometimes the days are so glorious
there is nothing left to say.
I move through the hours and the thin
margin of my existence
flat as a virgin running towards
her raper.

GUY

Guy has a twitch
in his busy right eye

he also leers at women
in the classroom

22 & 1/2 years
of army life

now he teaches
sociology

Guy tells us jokes
in between lectures

& leers & goes home
at night
feeling splendid about
the world

these are my notes